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THE FORBIDDEN SONG

BY

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THE FORBIDDEN SONG.

Within that silent room
We, the condemned and hopeless men,
To ease the endless gloom
Would sing when evening came—and then,
Into each heart would spring
Those words our lips dared not repeat:
That strain with longing and with love replete
We did not sing.

We sang of love and fame,
Of liberty and all the time,
A song none dared to name
Haunted the desperate lips of crime.
We sang all songs but one,
You know the one I mean—and yet,
This song of songs, no prisoner can forget
Was never sung.

Determined men were there
Hardened by time, by sin, by strife:
Men whose strong hands would dare
To take the precious gift of life.
Hushed were their voices strong,
In all the room was not a throat
Dared tremblingly to hum the opening note
Of that old song.

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